

HAUKKE HELD

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



With the mistress of the Haukke Manor reportedly felled by the endeavors of the Warrior of Light, most assumed that the uncomfortably eerie and incredibly unfortunate chapter in the manor's history had finally come to an end. That was what the locals had *believed*, and yet reality ultimately told a completely different tale about the fallout of Lady Amandine's defeat.

At first there had been signs of the monsters that continued to occupy the manor slowly filtering out. The hallways had stilled without anyone to walk them, and the perpetual fog in the courtyard outside had begun to thin. For several months this trend continued, and relevant parties were looking to finally occupy the building and take it back once and for all.

But the situation, out of seemingly nowhere, changed. The fog returned thicker than ever, and the presence of monsters grew stronger than ever before. It was both sudden and surprising, enough so to encourage the locals to rally together a party of adventurers in order to investigate the dark depths of the manor once again. For it seemed impossible, yet rumors of its potential occurrence began to swirl around Gridania.

That Lady Amandine had returned from the dead.

The party that eventually took up the task of investigating was certainly a mixed bag. Among the more experienced were S'aiya the thief and the party leader's dearest friend, Nadja – but the leader herself was a little less than confident. After all, the Au Ra, Dreah, was terrible with spooky places such as these. She was already fairly touch and go with places like



old ruins, but toss in rumors of hauntings and ghouls, and her will softened even further.

Even so, the exploration thus far had gone on without a hitch. For all of the rumors of the manor being teeming with monsters, they had only encountered a few of them – and they weren't particularly strong at that. Had everything they'd been told merely been an overdramatization? Well, no. The fog was just as thick as had been stated, perhaps even *thicker*.

“I don't know... Would there be any clues in the master bedroom?” With the group having cleared the main floor, they had moved up to the upper floor where a master bedroom rested at the head of the stairs. Dreah had entered with the expectation that she would be followed, but her question went unanswered, and the sound of the heavy door closing behind her took her by surprised. **“Huh!? Nadja!? S'aiya!? Hello!?”**

She hadn't been that far from the door, honestly, so she ran back to try and pull on it with zero success. The lizard girl naturally resorted to banging on it in hopes that her companions outside would hear her, but no one came even after a minute of waiting. Surely they had noticed that their party leader was missing? Which meant that they were either in the process of looking for her, or...

Something had happened to them as well.

“Um... Maybe there's a mechanism to open it?” Considering how elaborate the manor was, she supposed that it wasn't that impossible that such a thing might be viable, and so she wandered into the center of the room. The moment she stepped into the dead center, however? Four lanterns suddenly lit up, one in every corner of the huge room. **“Uh... AH!?”** She had assumed them to be mere lighting options at first, but given another moment? Energy burst from all four simultaneously, converging on the Dragoon.

The young woman recoiled from the impact, forced to take a moment to recompose herself before realizing she wasn't close to anything she could use to hold herself up after feeling weak in the knees. The energy had all struck her, and from what Dreah could tell she had not taken any damage, and yet... And yet, her skin was crawling. She felt unnaturally

cold somehow, even though she could still feel her heart beating – and quite rapidly at that. It was an unnerving chill that, in all of her anxiety, made her want to curl up into a ball. But there was no place to do such a thing in this unusually vacant master bedroom.

Plus, with all of the rumors of ghosts and ghouls about this place...

“Was I... Was I cursed?” The moment the thought came to mind, the woman blurted it out. The lamps that had just struck her with their energy remained lit, and yet they didn’t pour out an aura like the first one any further. But that didn’t stop Dreah’s condition from worsening against her will. Against her better judgment, she was ultimately rendered no choice but to fall down to a single knee. **“Ugh... So... cold...”**

The girl’s rapidly beating heart? It had been slowing gradually until there was only a meager few second period between each thump. Was it this dwindling heartbeat that was the cause for a very sudden, and very dramatic change in her skin tone? Perhaps, because the dark purple tone that her pink skin earned certainly was more reminiscent of a color you might expect to find on a *corpse* of all things.

It certainly didn’t take long for Dreah to notice the color change by looking at the tip of the knee she was currently resting on. **“Wh-What!? That’s... That’s impossible! My skin isn’t... Ngh!?”** *Isn’t what? Such a beautiful shade of purple? I should feel fortunate that my flesh is such a lovely color!* **“N-No... Why would I? Why...?”** Where were these strange thoughts coming from? They reassured her that what she was seeing was somehow for the best, even though it very clearly *wasn’t*.

And things had only begun to worsen. Dreah’s eyes? The color drained from them, but so too did their *features*. Her pupils dilated as white overcame them, dwarfing her irises as well so that the contents of her eyes were merely an eerie, empty white. The woman wasn’t blinded or anything of the sort, and in fact her eyesight only *improved*. Any crevices of the room that had once appeared to be too dark were now completely apparent to her.

Then there was the matter of her hearing. Au Ra did not possess ears in a traditional sense, but instead heard everything through the hollowed-out horns on the sides of their heads. Dreah was, of course, no exception to this rule. But there was a very brief second of time where all sound in the room just *ceased*. A moment later, she felt as if she could feel poking up against the inside of her horns, yet... She was feeling this from the point of view of whatever was touching them. Truthfully, a pair of long

and pointed ears had poked out, but her horns remained in place for the time being.

“A-A-Ah... Ah... Why am I...? What!? AHHH!?” Dreah was already plenty scared, and the fact that her body had begun to levitate slightly off the ground now certainly didn't help her any. She was oblivious to the fact that the structure of her face showed signs of bending, cheeks thinning and lips bloating as a coat of black paint brought them to match the dark circles that now ran around her white eyes. Her heartbeat still carried on, but it was only doing so every ten seconds or so now.

Far too distracted by her newfound flight to pay notice to anything else, the woman's golden locks darkened next. Beginning at her roots, and whipping right through to her tips, before long her full head of hair had become a raven black that was not only straighter than before, but longer. Longer in an unkempt sort of way that contributed to her increasingly *spooky* appeal. As if she were becoming some sort of ghost or ghoul.

The Dragoon flailed about with her toes a few inches off the ground. She didn't seem to have any control over the ability, and gravity eventually yanked her heavy boots off her feet with her continued suspension. Her bare toes were just as purple as everything else on her body was now, but they were also tipped with toenails that were painted black and incredibly sharp, almost like claws.

Claws that were replicated on her hands. **“Cold... Cold... So cold...”** Still floating, she managed to pull herself up into the fetal position with her forearms wrapped around her knees so that she could bury her face in her lap. This more or less shielded her from watching the skin below her elbows lighten and harden until they appeared to be fashioned almost from a beautiful crimson. **“OW!?”** Only taking notice when hard, black spikes erupted from this 'flesh', poking into her legs and utterly shattering her steel gauntlets.

She was quick to unfurl from her fetal position, and the state of her lower arms and hands simply made her stomach sink. **“I'm... I'm becoming some kind of monster! A monster... A... A... An extremely beautiful monster!”** While Dreah's face had shown despair initially, throughout these words that despair eventually corrupted itself into a manic smile, and the moment it did? Her heartbeat finally halted.

But Dreah didn't *die*. Perhaps it was correct to declare her *dead*, yet she was still *alive*.

Still floating, now doing so with much more confidence and much less fear, something long and black slithered out from underneath the skirt of her tunic, born from the shorter, stubbier, scaled variant that had been there before. With the thickness of a hose and a sharp point at the tip, it was evidently a demonic looking tail. As if to compliment her new appendage, her horns likewise slid free to reveal her new, pointed ears, and fanned out behind her with long, curled designs that were fairly typical for a specific type of Voidsent. The horns of a *succubus*.

Yet, the powers her body was now feeding into? They were far more potent than any *typical* succubus. To demonstrate that, her tunic began to rip and tear – seemingly all on its own. This wasn't exactly the case though, because the fabric *was* being stretched quite incessantly from beneath. All at once her body had begun to *grow*. Bigger and bigger she become, her proportions kept even while lengthened limbs and a widened torso pushed free of their confines.

She was fortunate the ceiling of the room was roughly forty feet tall, because the Voidsent floated there at an imposing *fifteen* feet. Changes to her size were not yet complete however, and that could be seen in how her frame began to stretch. Arms and legs became longer, and her torso was pulled in a similar banner so that she came off as a rather lanky looking demon. On the other hand, a tugging soon afflicted her hips, and they pulled wider than her shoulders in just a matter of moments.

“No... No.. I don't want to be... The most beautiful being in all of Eorzea? An all-powerful existence? No... I suppose those things don't sound *terrible*, do they?” Like it or not, Dreah was beginning to like it. She'd come to start embracing the corruption that flowed through her naked flesh, a corruption that was now seeing her thighs and ass soften as they inflated to become more appeal and, of course, blemish free. In fact, the woman couldn't help but take a handful of her own cheek, ultimately giving it a firm slap while rubbing her thick thighs together.

Another clawed hand found her bosom, and *Lady* Dreah moaned with no shortage of delight upon feeling her breast grow plumper than they ever had been. The increase was only of two sizes, but with the purple skin pulled tighter across them, they felt far more sensitive to the touch, and sported far larger nipples. **“Mm, yes. I suppose it would be *fine* to stay like this. Ahahaha!”** As if to prove a point, she licked her thick lips seductively.

The void lamps in the four corners of the room ignites with a pulse of aura once more, and when they converged with the succubus the woman promptly found herself dressed. Well, *barely*. She had been adorned in

a set of black bikini armor with a split cape thrown across her shoulders, parting and flowing behind her to resemble the wings of a bat. Likewise, in her right hand a hauntingly eerie scepter appeared, topped with a purple gem and a pair of black horns.

Lady Amandine had risen once more. And yet not in the same manner she had risen the first time. The lady Voidsent, now an honest to goodness succubus, made use of a body that had one been spent in her battle with the Warrior of Light. That original body was gone, and so the flesh of the Au Ra had been transformed to suit her purposes reborn.



Dreah had effectively been sacrificed so Amandine could live once more, and yet she wasn't technically dead either. She had become one and the same with the succubus' flesh.

Amandine's thoughts were her own, and her thoughts were Lady Amandine's. Their wills were one, and the once-Dragon was hardly in any position to feel despair when she felt saw much raw *power* – most of which stemmed from her *beauty*. A beauty she desired to preserve *no matter the cost*. Some local women would do well enough for that, and yet...

“It seems the succubi that served as my staff are no more. A shame, and yet...” The monstrously tall Voidsent floated higher in her bedchambers, and with a wave she conjured a pair of crystal balls, each reflecting different bedrooms in the manor. In each room, unconscious upon the bed, was a woman. A brown-haired Miqu'te in one, and a white haired Viera in the other. Dreah's previous companions, the other members of her investigation party.

She could still recognize them as such on some level, but as Lady Amandine she saw them as something *more*. The woman cooed. **“New servants can easily be made in such trying times. With this new body I'm in need of some personal service as well.”** On

either crystal ball she planted a kiss, and in turn they began to glow with a dark purple light.

Within the rooms they had been imprisoned in, both of these companions would be quickly corrupted into new Lady Handmaiden-class succubi for her personal care... and *pleasure*. Still, it would take some time for them to awaken from their slumber. **“A shame that they require rest, but it cannot be helped. In the meantime, I should send out some eyes into the world.”** With a wave of one, clawed hand, twelve floating eyeballs were conjured, all passing through nearby walls as if ghosts, all allowing her to perceive the current state of Eorzea.

But more than that, she was seeking prey. Her form was unstable, her beauty at risk. Lady Amandine would do whatever she could to preserve that beauty for time eternal. No matter the cost.